The Mother and Daughter; or,

A Dialogue betwixt them compoſed in Verſe,
If you will attend, I will rehearſe;
How the Mother did chide the Daughter for folly,
The Daughter with her Mother did not dally,
To ſilence her Mother her ſelf ſhe did fix,
And proved her Mother to be a Meretrix.
She ſtill'd her Mothers tongue that ſo loud did ſound,
Nuncl'd her *Mam*, and got twice fifty pound.
Thoſe two Fadillaes, as chaſte as *Jane Shore*,
Live quiet, that never did ſo before.

The Tune is, *Come Sweet-heart and Embrace thine own:* or, *The dancing of Primroſe-hill.*

Mother.

WHy how Nan, what is the reaſon,
that you look ſo pale and wan?
Nan. Alaſs Mother, all this Lent ſeaſon,
I am ſcarce able to go or to ſtand:
Hot broth it doth me cheriſh,
warm fleſh it doth me nouriſh,
This cruel hard Lent, the time I repent,
peaſe-pottage hath poyſoned me.

Mother.

It is a thing was never heard,
that Peaſe in Lent they ſhould be poyſon,
Some other thing is to be fear'd,
but thou wilt not tell me the reaſon;
Thy face it looks ſo pale and yellow,
thy noſe is ſharp, and thy eyes are hollow:
Something's the matter, good Nan do not flatter,
tell me the truth whatever betide.

Nan.

O Mother I will ſpeak the truth,
and not a lye to you will tell;
You know that George is a handſome Youth,
and other young men doth excell:
He loves me beyond all meaſure,
I am his joy, his delight and his treaſure;
Fine things he doth give me, if you'l believe me,
O Mother I love his company.

Mother.

How come you to love him now,
when formerly you did him hate?
Nan. Mother I do proteſt and vow,
I value him at a mighty rate:
I love him as I love my life,
he ſaid that I ſhould be his wife,
if I was willing, with him to be billing,
He vow'd that I ſhould be his Bride.

Nan.

I walkt with him into the field,
and there I cropt a dainty flower;
He imbraced me and then we bill'd,
and in the ſpace of half an hour,
And lying down upon his Belly,
what ſport we had I will not tell ye:
He did embrace me, kiſs me and face me,
O Mother he made me merry.

The Mother and Daughter; or,

A Dialogue betwixt them compoſed in Verſe,
If you will attend, I will rehearſe;
How the Mother did chide the Daughter for folly,
The Daughter with her Mother did not dally,
To ſilence her Mother her ſelf ſhe did fix,
And proved her Mother to be a Meretrix.
She ſtill'd her Mothers tongue that ſo loud did ſound,
Nuncl'd her *Mam*, and got twice fifty pound.
Thoſe two Fadillaes, as chaſte as *Jane Shore*,
Live quiet, that never did ſo before.

The Tune is, *Come Sweet-heart and Embrace thine own:* or, *The dancing of Primroſe-hill.*

Mother.

WHy how Nan, what is the reaſon,
that you look ſo pale and wan?
Nan. Alaſs Mother, all this Lent ſeaſon,
I am ſcarce able to go or to ſtand:
Hot broth it doth me cheriſh,
warm fleſh it doth me nouriſh,
This cruel hard Lent, the time I repent,
peaſe-pottage hath poyſoned me.

Mother.

It is a thing was never heard,
that Peaſe in Lent they ſhould be poyſon,
Some other thing is to be fear'd,
but thou wilt not tell me the reaſon;
Thy face it looks ſo pale and yellow,
thy noſe is ſharp, and thy eyes are hollow:
Something's the matter, good Nan do not flatter,
tell me the truth whatever betide.

Nan.

O Mother I will ſpeak the truth,
and not a lye to you will tell;
You know that George is a handſome Youth,
and other young men doth excell:
He loves me beyond all meaſure,
I am his joy, his delight and his treaſure;
Fine things he doth give me, if you'l believe me,
O Mother I love his company.

Mother.

How come you to love him now,
when formerly you did him hate?
Nan. Mother I do proteſt and vow,
I value him at a mighty rate:
I love him as I love my life,
he ſaid that I ſhould be his wife,
if I was willing, with him to be billing,
He vow'd that I ſhould be his Bride.

Nan.

I walkt with him into the field,
and there I cropt a dainty flower;
He imbraced me and then we bill'd,
and in the ſpace of half an hour,
And lying down upon his Belly,
what ſport we had I will not tell ye:
He did embrace me, kiſs me and face me,
O Mother he made me merry.

Mother.

O fie upon thee for thy pains,
now to be sure thou art with-child:
And honest people will thee disdain,
and I cannot be reconcil'd.
Lent Peas hath poysoned up your belly,
'twas something else, did I not tell ye,
And for this feat I will thee beat,
Nan. O Mother pray hold your hand.

Mother.

Come brazen-face let me see your breast,
that I may know what will ensue,
And looking on't she did protest,
that her Daughter was with-child with two.
Nan. I think that twenty times before,
I have been on the very same score:
Yet never beguil'd to prove with-child,
O mother pray pardon me.

Mother.

To pardon thee it is not best,
neither will I put up this wrong:
Nan. Sure Mother you do but jest,
I do you desire to hold your tongue:
If I should speak that which is true,
and that which I have seen by you:
You would not be willing to hear of your billing,
O Mother i've mumpt you now.

Mother.

You dirty slut, why did you ever
let me in action of disgrace?
Nan. Remember the Weaver and you together,
you said his beard did prick your face:
You did say he was too slack,
and that same time you hurt your back,
And being too kind, you b'oke your wind,
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Nan.

Further I do put into your head,
and remember as well as I can:
The Tinker laid you upon the bed,
and said he was a mettal man.
He peeping in your face likewise,
some of the smoot fell in your eyes,
And in that place he collied your face,
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Nan.

And going to a Fair on a day,
you said that it was for your pleasure,
And there you must buy new array,
and have the Taylor to take measure.
And coming home you did lie down,
the Taylor gave you a green gown;
Being in the Corn you catch a Thorn:
O mother i've mumpt you now.

Mother.

O good sweet Nan, come hold thy tongue,
thou art too hard for me I find,
I will never do thee Wrong,
for every Cat will after kind.
Thou art my dear and onely Daughter,
i'le give the right ready hereafter;
If thou wilt be quiet and will not repeat,
and never to mump thy mother no more.

Nan.

Upon condition you will give
me all the bonds of your use-money,
To maintain me brave while I live,
that I may be both blith and bonny:
Mother. Yes, daughter, that I am willing,
and excuse thee another time for billing,
Two fifty pound bonds i'le give into thy hands,
Sweet Nan it is all thy own.

Printed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden-Ball, neer the Hospital-gate, in West-smith-field.